NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1841.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

Oliver Johnson, General Agent:

The Standard.

Selections.

A, B, C, of ABOLITION:

WHO HAVE NOT YET EXAMINED THE S

From the Herald of Freedom.
WHAT IS ABOLITION?

Communications.

The Anti-Slavery Standard. NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JUG. 2, 1841.

THE ONE DOLLAR PLAN

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

NOTICES

Poetry.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWER

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT

The melanchly days are come,
The addest of the year,
The addest of the year,
The addest of the year,
Of waiting winds, and naked woods
And mesdows hrown and sere.
Heapful in the billows of the gurre,
The withor'd leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the edylving rost,
And to the rabbit's tread;
The robin and the wren are flown,
And from the warden the highly
And from the whood up calls the cre
Thumpah all the gloomy day.

The lovely ones again.

The wild form out the violet,
They perially long age,
And the wild row and the violet of
Amid the round one of the round of
Amid the summer glow;
But in the full the godien rod,
And the stater in the wood,
And the pellow and flower by the room
In Astumo beauty stood.

The first form the clear, cold
As falls the plague on men,
And the highlasse of their mile was
From uplead, glade and glen.

area upuse, gase and gen. As dill used hay will come the callin, mid day As still used days will come. To call the sequired and the bee From out their winter home. When the sound of dropping tust is beat Though all the trees are still. And triable in the modyl light The wattern of the rill. The south wind searches for the flower Whose fragrance last he bow, And sights to flat them is the wood And by the stream no more.

And by the stream nn more.

And then I think of one who in
Her youtful beauty file,
The fair, neck thosen that grew up.
And finded by my side:
In the cold, most earth we halk her,
When the forest cast the leaf,
And we weep that one so lovely,
Should have a life so brief;
Yet not unnect it was, that one
Life that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so heautiful,
Should parish with the flowers.

Miscellany. IONATHAN IFFFFRSON WHITI AW. OR LIFE IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

CHAPTER XLIX.

Through all the gloomy day.
Where such the forever, the fair your
That lately spring and story to the fair your
That lately spring and story
A beauteous sisterhood?
Also they all see in their graves,
The penule race of flowers,
The frait is fulling where they lie,
But call November rais
Calls only, from out the gloomy earth,
The lovely ones again.

It would be a perfect freat to waten their ink so, too, Hermann; I never saw creature; And it is the pretitest thing in the work watch Phobe's little April showers, who kes of her poor mother; for then again come this sunshine of love and hope, and her tear of in an instant. But we shall not have place—and ynu would not be so cruel as to paragraphs.

cented exactly as Puber with a volume in his hard may be provided by the provi

CHAPTER L

t only me " cried Edward, in dread ony.

ow near are they, Juno? said Frederic Stein
looking pale, but in a voice of perfect com-

her ear.

nat is that ?" said she, starting up; " are the
making holiday because the holy man is

Popular English Periodicals,

N QUARTERLY, EDINBURGH, FOREIGN, WESTMINSTER REVIEWS:

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

which had been got up with ver

FREE DRY GOODS!

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islence, R. I. New Marthorough, Mass. Cazenovia, N. Y. Lester, N. Y. Illiamson, Wayne Co., N. Y